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BIOGRAPHICAL MEMOIR

OF

HUGH L. HODGE, M.D., LL.D.,

LATE EMERITUS PROFESSOR OF OBSTETRICS AND OF THE
DISEASES OF WOMEN AND CHILDREN IN THE
UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA.

PREPARED AT THE REQUEST OF

THE PHILADELPHIA COUNTY MEDICAL SOCIETY

AND

READ BEFORE THE SOCIETY, APRIL 22, 1874,

Box 8
BY

WILLIAM GOODELL, M.D.

Printed by Order of the Philadelphia County Medical Society.

PHILADELPHIA:
COLLINS, PRINTER, 705 JAYNE STREET.
1874.

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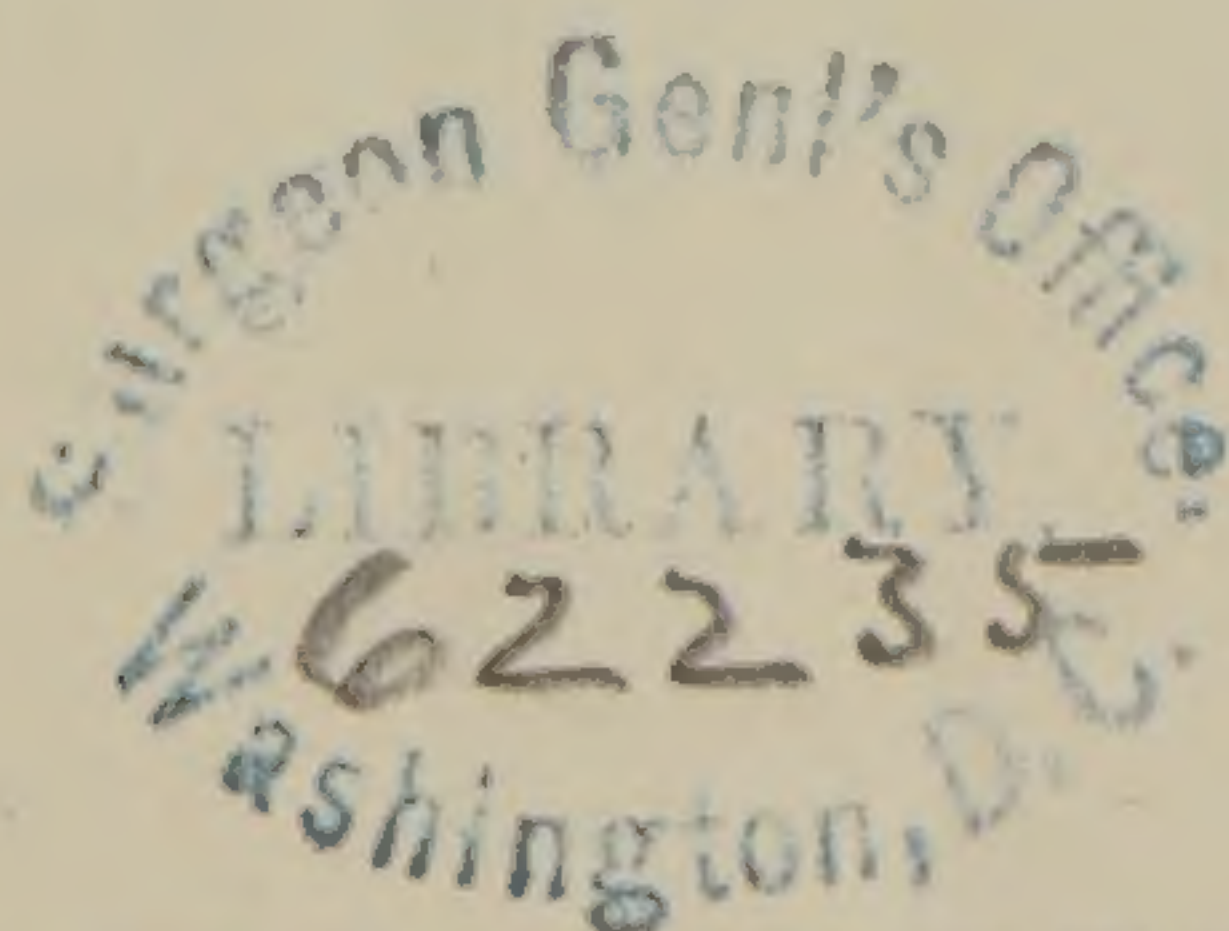
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BETHESDA 14, MD.

AT a meeting of the Philadelphia County Medical Society, held February 26, 1873, the following resolutions were adopted:—

WHEREAS, it has pleased Divine Providence to remove to a happier sphere one of the most honored members of our Society, who, during a long and useful life, has ever been noted for the purity and benevolence of his character, not only as a physician, but also as a citizen of Philadelphia: Therefore,

Resolved, That the Philadelphia County Medical Society has recently learned, with deep regret, of the sudden and unexpected death of Dr. HUGH L. HODGE, Emeritus Professor of Obstetrics in the University of Pennsylvania, and one of the oldest members of this Society.

Resolved, That by the death of Dr. Hodge, this Society has lost a highly esteemed member, whose skill and erudition had gained him a world-wide reputation as an accoucheur, and made him an authority in difficult cases that greatly relieved the anxious hours of his juniors, who were often led, by his courtesy and high professional honor, to avail themselves of his valuable assistance.

Resolved, That the members of this Society, most of whom have been his pupils, recall with pride and pleasure the sound and practical precepts inculcated in his teaching.

Resolved, That Dr. William Goodell be requested to prepare a biographical memoir of our late member, to be read before this Society.

Resolved, That the Philadelphia County Medical Society respectfully tender to his family their sympathy in its affliction.

Pursuant to these Resolutions, the following Biographical Memoir of Dr. Hugh L. Hodge, was delivered by Dr. William Goodell before the Society, on the evening of April 22, 1874, which was set apart for this purpose:—

BIOGRAPHICAL MEMOIR
OF
HUGH L. HODGE, M.D., LL.D.

Fellow-members of the Philadelphia County Medical Society:—

We have come together here to-night, not as mourners, for why should we mourn for one who lives? Not with heads bowed down, for why should we weep for one whom the Great Husbandman has gathered in as a shock of corn fully ripe and ready for the harvest? But we have met, because a great and a good man has been called away from us, and we wish to freshen up in our hearts the image of him as he walked with us in the flesh. Because many of us have been his pupils and we long to pay a tribute of love and of homage to the memory of our beloved teacher. Because he was for many years one of us, and we take pride in transmitting to future members of this Society, who will know us only by name, our keen appreciation of the manifold gifts and graces with which this honored member was dowered. Be theirs and ours to imitate his virtue!

When a man towers above his fellows, and leaves a mark upon the age in which he lived, we instinctively wish to know of what stuff he was made, from what stock he sprang, and what were the accidents and the opportunities of his life which made him what he was. Such are the details of our honored friend's life which I purpose very briefly to lay before you.

In 1730 a Scotch-Irish Presbyterian, Andrew Hodge by name, emigrated, with his brother Hugh, from the north of Ireland and settled down in the then small town of Philadelphia. Being a thrifty man of business, he soon accumulated a handsome fortune. In those days it was the custom, as it now is in the city of Amsterdam, for merchants to have their warehouses and dwellings under the same roof. He, therefore, built or bought three houses which fronted both on Delaware Avenue and on the east side of Water Street, below Race. The wharf and dock in front of these build-

ings were also owned by him, and, until 1840, went by his name. He and his sons, Andrew, James, and Hugh, were God-fearing men. The father, and his brother Hugh, were mainly instrumental in founding the Second Presbyterian Church of this city. The sons helped to sustain and strengthen it. To each of these sons the old merchant deeded one of the three houses. Andrew succeeded to his father's business, and James became a sea-captain; but Hugh decided to study medicine. He was accordingly, to use the language of the day, articed as an apprentice in the office of Dr. Thomas Cadwalader, a highly educated and prosperous physician, who holds the honor of having delivered the first lectures on anatomy that were ever given in this country. These lectures were delivered in Second Street, above Walnut, in a building whose site was afterwards occupied by the Bank of Pennsylvania. Dr. Cadwalader wrote but little; the only article from his pen extant, is an "Essay on the West India Dry Gripes, with the Method of Curing that Cruel Distemper. To which is added an Extraordinary Case in Physick. Printed and sold by B. Franklin, 1745."¹ After receiving his diploma, Dr. Hugh Hodge served as a surgeon in the army during the War for Independence. When peace was declared he returned to Philadelphia, and in 1790 took to wife Maria Blanchard, a Boston lady of Huguenot descent. The young couple set up housekeeping in a modest way in the northernmost of the three houses left by Andrew Hodge. For Water Street was then the fashionable quarter, one where all the prosperous shipping merchants lived. In this house were born the honored subject of this memoir, and his equally distinguished brother, Prof. Charles Hodge, D.D., of the Theological Seminary of Princeton, N. J. During the fatal epidemic of yellow fever in 1793 and 1795, Water Street was so ravaged, that it got a bad name as a place of residence. The best families, accordingly, began to desert it, and shortly after the birth of Hugh L. Hodge, June 27, 1796, his father deemed it needful to move further up town. He, therefore, rented a house on Arch Street, above 4th, the third door east of Christ Church Burying Ground, where he lived until his death in 1798.

The young widow and mother was left much straitened in this world's goods, but she had warm friends, and what was better, an abiding faith in the God of the widow and of the fatherless. Her sweet and pure religion was the goodly inheritance, which by pre-

¹ For the above facts, and for others contained in this memoir, I am indebted to the "History of the Medical Department of the University of Pennsylvania," by Prof. Joseph Carson, M.D. This interesting volume every alumnus of the University should own.

cept and example she conveyed to her sons. Nor, as we well know, were these early lessons of piety lost on these two boys.

Hugh L. Hodge obtained his early education at boarding-schools in Somerville and New Brunswick, N. J. Of his aptitude as a scholar I have no record, but it must have been above the average, for in 1811, when only fifteen years old, he was admitted to the Sophomore class at Nassau Hall, Princeton, N. J. Three years later, while our country was at war with Great Britain, he graduated among the four honor-men of his class. He at once began the study of medicine in the office of Dr. Caspar Wistar, that celebrated anatomist, then at the height of his fame. He it was, who, while pursuing his studies at Edinburgh, and even at a time when the stigma of rebel was still attached to an American, had the remarkable honor of being elected President of the Royal Medical Society of that city. His pupil matriculated at the medical department of the University of Pennsylvania, and walked the Philadelphia and Pennsylvania Hospitals. In 1818, at the age of twenty-two, he received, after a four years' course, his diploma of Doctor of Medicine. By a reference to an old catalogue I find that his thesis was on "Digestion," a subject in which he ever after took great interest. Wishing to raise money enough to complete his studies in Europe, and following the example of many other young physicians of his day, he, in the same year, took a voyage to India in the capacity of ship-surgeon. Fourteen years later the knowledge of Asiatic cholera, which he thus acquired in tropical countries, did him good service. For, during the fatal cholera epidemic of 1832, no one was more untiring in administering to the sick, or so successful in their treatment. In recognition of his gratuitous services in the cholera hospitals, the city authorities voted him their thanks, and the more substantial honor of a silver pitcher. This, by the way, was one of seven silver pitchers presented to him at different times during his life. It was familiarly designated by the younger members of his family as the "C. P.," or "Cholera Pitcher," to distinguish it from the others, which were called "G. P.s," or "Grateful Patients."

In 1820 Dr. Hodge returned from India, but with means too limited to carry out the long-cherished prosecution of his studies in Europe. The voyage had proved a commercial failure, but, nothing daunted, he opened an office in Walnut Street opposite Washington Square. Soon after he was elected to the Southern Dispensary, and, a few months later, to the Philadelphia Dispensary. In these rich fields of practice he gained much experience, and acquired those habits of close observation and original research which

ever after characterized him. He soon became a man of mark, for in the summer of 1821 he was selected to teach the anatomical class of Prof. Horner, who was then absent in Europe. So acceptably did he fill this position, that in 1823 he was appointed to the Lectureship on Surgery in Dr. Chapman's Summer School, which, in 1837, became a chartered institution, under the name of the "Medical Institute." Of these lectures he was justly proud, for on them he was then able to spend all his time and strength. Old practitioners still refer to them in terms of high praise.

In September of the same year he gained a long-coveted position on the staff of the Philadelphia Hospital, and his practice began now steadily to increase. In 1828, at the age of thirty-two, he married Margaret E. Aspinwall, the daughter of John Aspinwall, a well-known merchant of New York city. From this union seven sons were born, of whom five are living. One is the well-known surgeon who bears his father's name; the rest are clergymen. After a happy married life of thirty-eight years, in 1866, this good wife and good mother died.

Thus far, Dr. Hodge had concentrated all his energy on anatomy and surgery. His tastes lay in these directions; both these branches he had taught with great acceptance; as a surgeon, he was fast winning his way to fame. But a complete and very unexpected turn now took place in all his plans. The dim oil-lamps of his college days, his habits of late study, had greatly injured his eyesight, and compelled him to wear glasses of very high power. Year by year his vision so surely failed that he was at last warned to direct his ambition into new channels. Other circumstances confirmed him in making this change. The health of Dr. Thomas C. James, the Professor of Midwifery in the University of Pennsylvania, was beginning to fail. Dr. William P. Dewees, the heir-apparent to his chair, and the most brilliant of American obstetricians, had long passed the noontide of life. For many years the brothers Joseph and Harvey Klapp had enjoyed the pick of the midwifery practice of a rapidly-growing city. But, at this juncture, the one died, and the other retired to his secluded country-seat in the wilds of West Philadelphia. These accidents and opportunities at once determined Dr. Hodge to give up, but with a bitter heart, his long-cherished specialty of surgery for that of obstetrics. Shortly after making this decision, he was enabled to exchange his lectureship of surgery for that of obstetrics, which the resignation of Dr. Dewees had left vacant. He was also the winning candidate in an excited canvass for a position on the staff of the Lying-in Department of the Pennsylvania Hospital. For the information of the younger members

of this Society, let me for a moment digress to say, that this department was established in 1807 "for poor and respectable married women." "Singular as it may appear," remarks Prof. Carson in his History of the Medical Department of the University of Pennsylvania, "it was founded by the gallant and patriotic young gentlemen of Philadelphia who formed the 'First Troop of City Cavalry.' Their pay for services due them by the government at the end of the Revolutionary War was generously donated for this special purpose. The interest of the sum thus appropriated amounted annually to between five and six hundred dollars." On account of the impossibility of keeping the wards free from puerperal fever, the building was kept closed from 1851 to 1855, when, by a vote of the managers, it was finally abandoned.

We come now to the crowning event of Dr. Hodge's life—the one that brought him fame and wealth—his election to the chair of obstetrics in the University of Pennsylvania. But, before touching upon this passage of his life, it may not prove unprofitable to give a brief sketch of the state and status of midwifery as it existed in this country.

From the time of the first settlement of America midwifery had, by popular prejudice and professional disesteem, been monopolized by elderly women, whose pretensions were only equalled by their ignorance. In the mother-country a "man-midwife," as he was contemptuously called, was looked down upon both by the profession and the community. Smellie, the founder of English obstetrics, "united the occupation of cloth merchant and practitioner of midwifery at Lanark." At Edinburgh, separate instruction in midwifery was first given in 1726. But so great was the prejudice, even among medical men, that, until 1772, those physicians who practiced this branch of medicine were disqualified from becoming licentiates of the College of Physicians and Surgeons. Down to a much later period these same prejudices existed among our own countrymen. For forty-five years there was in the University of Pennsylvania no special chair of obstetrics. During this time it had been customary for the professor of anatomy to intercalate his course with a few meagre lectures on midwifery. These were so unsatisfactory, that every young man who wished to perfect his knowledge of midwifery was forced to go to France or to England for that purpose; just as the Israelites, in the days of Saul, "went down to the Philistines, to sharpen every man his share, and his coulter, and his ax, and his mattock." In 1810 a separation was effected between these two branches of medicine, and Dr. Thomas Chalkley James was elected to the chair of mid-

wifery. But even then the equality of this art and science with its sisters was so grudgingly conceded, that, for three years, the first professor of obstetrics was not recognized as a member of the medical faculty, and an attendance upon his lectures was not made obligatory for a degree. Dr. James wrote no original work, but contented himself with annotating "Burns's Principles of Midwifery," and "Merriman's Synopsis," as text-books for his course. Early in the present century Dr. John Bard, of New York city, published a small Compendium of Midwifery, which was republished in 1811. But the first authoritative writer upon obstetrics in this country was Dr. Wm. Potts Dewees, who, in 1826, published his celebrated "Compendious System of Midwifery." Dr. Hodge himself informs us, in his "Eulogium on Wm. P. Dewees," that, before the publication of this work, "the science [of midwifery] was hardly known in America. The physicians who occasionally engaged in its practice had received no instruction, with the exception of a few who, having visited Europe, brought home a general knowledge of the subject; but who, from the prejudice existing against the employment of male practitioners, had few opportunities and fewer inducements to perfect their knowledge. Hence midwifery existed almost universally as an art; the aged and imbecile nurse was preferred to the physician." To obviate the necessity for going abroad, and to supply the demand for intelligent and educated assistance at the lying-in bed, were the crying wants of the day. Dr. Dewees saw his chance, and made himself a master of the science and the art of midwifery. He then collected a few pupils together in his office, and year by year taught them as only a master can teach.

"We find," says Dr. Hodge, in the above-mentioned eulogium, "that he has the high honor of first attempting a full course of lectures on obstetrics in America." But while the personal influence of Dr. Dewees was great, it was limited to a small circle of private students. His numerous and excellent contributions to the medical journals lacked that weight of authority which a chair in a great medical school gives. In 1834 Dr. James resigned the chair which had been created for him, and which he had occupied for twenty-four years. Dr. Dewees, who since 1825 had held the position of Adjunct Professor of Obstetrics, was, without opposition, elected to fill the vacancy. This passage of his life is a very touching one, and deserves a brief sketch, as well for its intrinsic interest as for its bearing on the future career of Dr. Hodge. In 1810 Dr. Dewees was the unsuccessful candidate for this chair. For four-and-twenty long and weary years he had looked forward to it as the goal of

his ambition. He aspired to it, toiled for it; no one better deserved it. The honor at last came, but to a man long past the prime of life. He delivered his first course of lectures with unexampled brilliancy; but hardly was it ended before a stroke of apoplexy laid him low. Unwilling to admit his failing powers, he began, in the autumn of 1835, his second course. After attempting a few lectures he broke down. On the 10th of November he suddenly resigned. Oh friends! how full of sorrows, how big with shattered hopes and wrecked ambitions, is this dear earth to which we cling!

For the possession of the empty chair a battle royal, one of giants, now took place. The struggle lay between two such men as Hugh L. Hodge and Charles D. Meigs, and was, therefore, a very hotly contested one. The strong claims of the rival candidates, and the very equally balanced influence of their respective friends, made the issue doubtful. Dr. Hodge, who was a very modest man, could not be prevailed upon to visit any of the trustees. At last his friends refused to work for him unless he did so. He, therefore, provided himself with a list of their names and residences, and nerved himself up to this imposed and distasteful mission. As luck would have it, the first gentleman on whom he called was an upright but very eccentric Friend, who, upon learning his errand, at once said, "Young man, I should have thought better of thee, hadst thou not come." In great confusion the modest candidate took his leave, tore up his list, and at once returned home. That trustee was the only one on whom he called. No persuasions, no entreaties, could thereafter move him to solicit another vote. But his friends, despite their threats, worked manfully for him. Perhaps this very modesty stood him in good stead. At any rate, he proved the successful candidate, and became a member of a faculty which, after his election, stood as follows:—

Practice of Medicine and Clinical Medicine	NATHANIEL CHAPMAN, M.D.
Chemistry	ROBERT HARE, M.D.
Surgery	WILLIAM GIBSON, M.D.
Anatomy	WILLIAM E. HORNER, M.D.
Institutes of Medicine	SAMUEL JACKSON, M.D.
Materia Medica and Pharmacy	GEORGE B. WOOD, M.D.
Obstetrics and Diseases of Women and Children	HUGH L. HODGE, M.D.

In June of the following year, at the earnest solicitations of his friends, but contrary to his own judgment, he purchased the property at the northwest corner of Ninth and Walnut streets. This fine large mansion was built by that classical scholar, Dr. J. Redman Coxe, whose name is known in every hamlet in this land by

his "Hive Syrup." In the financial crisis of 1837 the mortgages on this property were called in by the holders, and, had it not been for the prompt but unsolicited aid of a friend in New York city, would have been foreclosed. The mental anguish through which he passed, and the narrow escape which he then made, led him ever after to inculcate on his sons the maxim of "Never buy what you cannot pay for." This property, however, in the end proved a very handsome investment, for it has more than quadrupled in value. Very fortunately these pecuniary straits were of short duration. Patients began to flock to him from distant portions of this continent, and from every State in the Union. In difficult cases of labor, and in various diseases of women, his brother practitioners soon learned to rely on him. For to consummate skill, he added consummate integrity, and they knew that no one was more rigid in the observance of the letter and spirit of the code of ethics; that no consultant more carefully guarded the reputation of the attending physician.

As Alpine glaciers score their history on abiding rocks, so great men grave enduring marks upon the age in which they live. Now, what are the marks, the deeply channeled grooves which our departed friend and teacher has left behind him? From the time of his election to the chair of obstetrics until his resignation in 1863, no teacher ever gave a more thorough or a more conscientious course of lectures. The strong feature of his teaching was not to display his knowledge, but to impart it. He possessed, in an eminent degree, those essentials of a good teacher—the *subtilitas explicandi*, as well as the *subtilitas intelligendi*. Dependent, as he was, on account of imperfect vision, exclusively upon his memory, he yet delivered his lectures with the utmost neatness and precision. There was no faltering over a demonstration, no omission of a diagram. Although gifted with a fluent delivery, he used no trope or figure, and made no effort at oratorical display. So pure-minded was he, and so far removed from making "points"—as they are technically called—that, when some madcap student distorted an accidental juxtaposition of words into a *double entendre*, his face flushed up with vexation. Over the young men who flocked to hear him, his influence was great and good. At the beginning and the end of each curriculum, they listened, with respectful and often tearful attention, to his happy words of greeting and tender words of parting. What graduate of those days can ever efface from his memory that gracious manner which seemed to convey a benediction, and that halo of goodness which floated about him? Men will come, and men will go, but we shall never see his like again.

Of English-speaking obstetricians Dr. Hodge was the first to urge

the frequent use of the long forceps, as well for the sake of the mother as for that of the child. Upon the value of this instrument as a compressor, he laid so much stress that he regarded with disfavor the operation of version in cases of contracted pelvis. No one before him and no one since has laid down more precise rules for its application. Rules which have wrested this operation from the hands of specialists, and vulgarized it from the Rio Grande to the St. Lawrence. By his eclectic forceps he gave to the profession the best instrument yet devised: an instrument which has served more than any other to make the American physician prompt in giving succor to suffering woman. His improvements to the cephalotribe gave a fresh authentication to the value of this instrument, and a fresh impulse to its use. By showing the value of the vectis in the rectification of malpositions, he rescued it from the oblivion to which it was fast passing. The bold and uncompromising stand which he took against criminal abortion, made a deep impression upon his students. He early taught them to look upon this, alas! growing evil as a crime against God and man. The small book that grew out of these lectures had an extensive circulation, and exerted a wide-spread influence.

His theory of "irritable uterus," which he for many years taught, and finally embodied in his work on "Diseases Peculiar to Women," may not stand before the light of modern research, but it led to important results. Convinced that many female disorders were largely dependent on, or associated with, displacements of the womb, he turned his attention to their mechanical treatment. With this end in view, many were the instruments he devised; many the hours spent in changing their form or their material. This unwearied perseverance finally culminated in the elaboration of his lever-pessary, a pessary which, by its unsurpassed excellence, has been adopted by the whole civilized world, and has made his name familiar as a household word to every practitioner of medicine.

His views with regard to the nature of puerperal fever have now very few supporters, but they were the utterances of an honest conviction, and as such carried much weight with his contemporaries. He held that this disease is not communicable, and published a pamphlet in defence of this opinion. In an appendix to this pamphlet he states that "on three occasions only, in thirty-two years, had he met with two cases of child-bed fever occurring in rapid succession; but, although he never declined practice on these occasions, the women subsequently delivered by him entirely escaped." On one of "these three occasions" an incident of painful interest took place, which made a great impression on his mind, and served

to confirm him in his convictions. His midwifery practice lay largely among the best families of Philadelphia, among people, who being either connected or acquainted with one another, soon heard the particulars of the death of any one belonging to their number. He had been engaged to attend two sisters, who had previously been delivered by him, and who were daily expecting their confinement. On May the 11th and 21st he lost from child-bed fever two patients out of this charmed circle. The news spread like wildfire, and the husbands of the two sisters in great distress called upon the doctor to talk the matter over with him. He firmly announced to them his disbelief in the communicability of this disease, and expressed the utmost willingness to attend their wives in their confinement. But at the same time, pitying their anxiety, he cheerfully gave them the liberty of cancelling their engagement with him. These gentlemen were his warm personal friends, and it was, therefore, only after a sharp inward struggle that the one decided to call in another practitioner, the other to retain his family physician. Dr. Hodge safely delivered his patient; but we may rest assured, not without misgivings, and not without many an earnest prayer. The other lady was transferred from his care to that of a distinguished physician, who for two years had not seen a case of puerperal fever. She died from the dreaded disease.

During a large portion of Dr. Hodge's life, the pressure of his professional engagements was so great as to prevent him from writing anything besides his early lectures on surgery and those on obstetrics. But during his early professional career he was one of the editors of the "North American Medical and Surgical Journal," to which he contributed many reviews and original papers. His co-laborers in this work were Drs. Franklin Bache, Charles D. Meigs, René La Roche, John Bell, George B. Wood, D. F. Condie, and B. H. Coates. This journal ceased with its twelfth volume, April, 1831. The editors then resolved themselves into a club which met weekly at each other's houses, and partook of a very modest collation. In 1853 it was my privilege to be the only guest at one of these reunions. It was held at the house of the late Dr. Henry Bond, who, besides Dr. S. H. Dickson, was the only member ever admitted to the club. I shall not soon forget the kind attention shown to me by these Nestors of the profession, and my youthful amazement at the familiarity with which they treated one another.

Later in life imperfect vision hindered Dr. Hodge from becoming a prolific writer. Besides several articles written for various medical journals, he published a memoir of Dr. James, a eulogium on Dr.

Deweese, and a number of introductory lectures. One of these on criminal abortion, after being reprinted several times, was published with some additions under the title of "Fœticide." In 1860 he published his work on "Diseases Peculiar to Women," and in 1863 his great work on Obstetrics. In editing the latter, few of my hearers are aware of the difficulties he had to encounter; difficulties from which most men would have shrunk. From title-page to colophon this large work was written by an amanuensis at his dictation. The beautiful and original lithographs which enrich its pages gave him a world of trouble and anxiety. He knew that to a student a work on obstetrics without illustrations is practically valueless. But how were illustrations to be made whose accuracy a blind man could verify! This was a problem of difficult solution, one to which he devoted many anxious thoughts and sleepless nights. At last his son, Dr. H. Lenox Hodge, suggested the use of photography. Here, indeed, was the means presented, by which nature could be faithfully copied; here, the prospect of making stepping stones of the very obstacles which lay in his way. With a thrill of pleasure, he jumped at the idea, and fairly laughed aloud with joy. From the noble collection which he afterwards gave to the unrivalled museum of the University, a typical pelvis and fœtal head were selected. The former was placed upon an appropriate stand, the latter he held in the proper position within the pelvic cavity to illustrate the various positions and presentations. In this manner they were photographed, but in the lithographic plates copied from these originals, the sustaining fingers and hand of the author were of course left out. In graceful recognition of this and other literary labors, and of his distinguished reputation, he was in 1871 honored by his Alma Mater with the degree of LL.D.

As an author, the writings of Dr. Hodge are characterized by clearness, by conscientious accuracy, and by great originality. He contemplated the soul of a subject, and not its mere habiliments. In proof of this, witness his remarkable papers on "Synclitism," and his careful study of the "Mechanism of Labor." Although aggressive when needful, his mind was strongly constructive, and not destructive. He pulled down to build up, but never for the mere sake of pulling down. Of too rugged an individuality to fashion himself to the modes and opinions of others, he thought out for himself with intense convictions of truth. These convictions he defended with rigid and drastic logic. To them he was always true; from them he never swerved. Like the builders of Jerusalem, he worked with a spear in one hand and a trowel in the

other. But while clinging tenaciously to what he had elaborated, he dissented from the opinions of others with a courteous hospitality of thought, with perfect fair play. Such encounters never kindled into angry controversy, for it was not *his* system that he defended, but truth—the truth as he interpreted it. In this respect he satisfied Schiller's definition of a true philosopher. By his loss a great gap is left in medical literature—a gap felt in other lands as well; for the community of thought, the brotherhood of science, is not limited to race, nor restricted by geographical boundaries.

Thus far I have spoken of Dr. Hodge as a physician, but great injustice would be done to his memory were this memoir to take note simply of the services he rendered to our common profession. In the sacred relations of kindred and of friendship his love never chilled. By his kindness he won the affection of all who knew him; by his inflexible integrity he gained the respect of those who came in contact with him. In 1830 he became a member of the Second Presbyterian Church, a church born of the fervor of his ancestors. His after life proved the sincerity of this step. He ever after walked as if he felt that "the Christian is the world's Bible." The calamity of his blindness, and that still more grievous one of the death of his beloved wife, took sunlight from his eye and sunshine from his heart, but he bore each with Christian fortitude. As a church-member no one showed a greater consistency, a broader philanthropy, a more unstinted liberality, or set a brighter example of loyal Christian faith. Never once did this faith waver before the rude assaults and aggressive ventures of human thought. Two years before his death, when the congregation of his church decided to move further up town, he was unanimously chosen the Chairman of the Building Committee. On this new work he now bent all his strength. To it he subscribed munificently, and to it he was active in raising contributions. Since he could not see, the various plans of the new church were carefully explained to him by the architect. None of them wholly pleased him, and yet he found himself unable to make his criticisms in technical, and therefore in intelligible language. With characteristic ingenuity he took the books lying on his desk, and with them built up a structure which conveyed the idea of the plan ultimately adopted. In his death that church has lost a friend, a counsellor, and a faithful servant.

The last years of this strong-headed and strong-hearted man were not spent in idleness. His sight grew more and more dim, but his natural force did not abate, his brain did not grow weary, his hand lost not its cunning. Apart from giving much of his time and

strength to church matters, he continued to visit some old patients, and to keep up a lively interest in everything pertaining to his profession. All papers bearing on the branches which he had taught were read to him by some member of his family, or by some person regularly employed for this purpose. He dictated several papers for the "American Journal of the Medical Sciences." Two of them on "Synclitism" attracted much attention. Deeply impressed with the conviction that a lack of proper clinical instruction is the crying evil of our medical schools, he subscribed liberally towards the endowment of the noble Hospital of the University of Pennsylvania, which is soon to inaugurate a new and important departure in the medical education of this country.

My first acquaintance with Dr. Hodge was made at this time of his life. We met in the library of the College of Physicians, where he was collecting material for some essay. I shall never forget his warm grasp and hearty shake as he took my hand in both of his. His kind words of encouragement are indelibly fixed in my memory; and so is the playful manner in which he took me to task—"scolded" me, as he termed it—for some of my published writings which did not accord with his views. His noble but sightless face lighted up with pleasure when I told him that I had twice read his work on "Obstetrics" from beginning to end, and that it was the means of first awakening in me a love for his chosen branch of medicine. Other very pleasant interviews I had with him, for like pursuits and congenial tastes drew us together. On these occasions obstetric matters were always discussed. On this favorite topic he spoke so fluently, and was so much at home that, in order to follow him intelligently, the closest attention on my part was needed. A happier man I never saw; his face beamed with smiles; his days seemed hymns of thanksgiving. Some natures, like vitreous bodies, become iridescent with age. But why, I often asked myself, why should he be otherwise? Why should he repine? Surrounded by devoted friends and loving children; with much grain stored away in the garner of his brain; with the consciousness of never having wasted the prerogatives of life; with a noble history behind him, and a glorious immortality before him, could earthly estate be more princely?

At this time his strength was vigorous, his health robust. Little did he or we think that his end was near. When a noble life is about to be rounded off, we love to think that the closing scene was typical; that last words and last acts were befitting of the man; that death was in keeping with life. Thus it was with our beloved

friend and teacher; his last act on earth was one of charity; his last words were about his work.

On Monday, February 24th, 1873, Dr. Hodge arose apparently well, and, at the usual hour, started out to visit his patients. At three o'clock P.M. he returned, as was his custom, to lunch, and immediately after began to work with his amanuensis over a paper on "Cephalotripsy." In this occupation he was for two hours closely engaged. He then went out to see a sick lady at the Girard House, and at six returned to dinner. From seven to eight o'clock the daily papers were read to him, but he seemed drowsy and dropped asleep. Over this very unusual circumstance he made merry, and playfully threatened to have the news of the day read over to him. With this sally on his lips he went into his office, and until ten o'clock was there occupied with his son in various business matters. After this hour he joined the family circle, and asked to have a letter read to him. It was written by the widow of a physician in Virginia, who had no claim on him other than that her husband had sat under his teaching, but who, in her poverty, had sent to him a touching appeal for aid. The cry of the widow did not go by unheeded. Late as was the hour he called for his check-book, and signed a check for her relief. Fit ending to a life of unceasing charity. This was the last time he ever wrote his name.

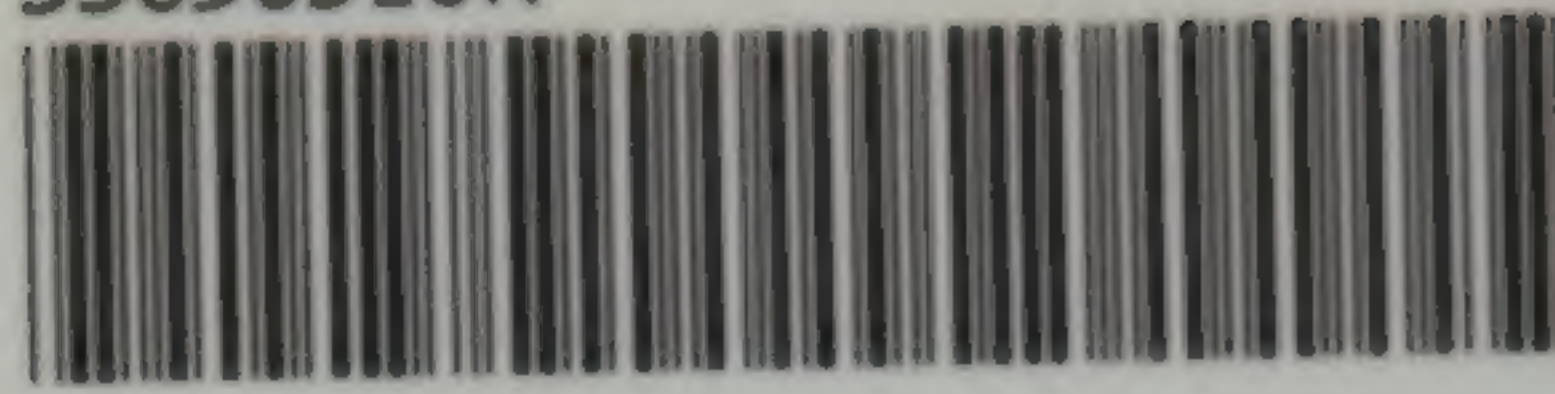
For many years it was his habit to stay up long after the rest of his family had gone to bed. He liked to be alone, and to sit before the open fireplace, musing over the memories of the past, and holding sweet commune with the world that is unseen and holy. Humoring this fancy, his children usually left him for the night at eleven o'clock, and this they did upon this night. Shortly after midnight his son was aroused by sounds of distress, and, upon going to his father's room, found him speechless and deathly sick. He soon rallied, but only to relapse, after brief intervals of relief, into repeated fits of apparent insensibility, in which all efforts at respiration ceased. At his own request Dr. J. Forsyth Meigs, the son of his old friend and rival, was summoned, who pronounced the disease to be angina pectoris. Under appropriate remedies, and the action of artificial respiration, the flickering flame of life was kept from going out until all his children had gathered around his bed. In the intervals of these attacks he was perfectly lucid, and comforted the grief of those around him with many loving words. He sent for his pastor, the Rev. Dr. Beadle, and the face of the dying man lighted up as he bore testimony to his stanch faith in the Great Master, whom for so many years he had served. From this

gentleman he exacted a promise that no eulogy should be pronounced over his body. Between ten and eleven on Tuesday night he asked what day it was, and, on being told, said: "I thought I should have died on Wednesday," and then specified by name several members of his family who had died on that day of the week. Turning shortly afterwards to the son who bears his name, he gave him directions about the treatment of some of his patients, and charged him to complete and publish his article on "Cephalotripsy." These were his last words. Half an hour later, at two o'clock on Wednesday morning, he gently "fell on sleep." Thus calmly passed away a man whose whole life bespoke one who was conscious of a mission, and was fulfilling it—a mission of love to God and good to man. "Help Lord, for the godly man ceaseth; for the faithful fail from among the children of men."



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